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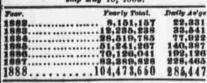
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YEARLY RECORD.

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1889

104.473.650. 285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED: THE WORLD came under the Present Proprieto



Sunday WORLD'S Record Averaging Over 230,000 Copies Each Sunday Since 1885.

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1889 was.... 14,121
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1883 was.... 24,054 The Average Circulation of The Sun-79,985 day WORLD during 1884 was The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1885 was 166,636 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 234,724 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 257,267 The Average Circulation of The Sun- 260,326

mount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888;

1,423,288 1886 ... 4,468,455 1887 ... 8,229,207 1888 ...

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

"AS PATIENT AS PARNELL." " As patient as Jon " has been a proverb

for thousands of years. "As patient as PARNELL" would be as expressive to the contemporaries of the greatest Irishman. Certainly no man in modern times has suffered so much malignity, endured so many hardships, persevered through so many obstacles for the sake of a beloved country he would set free.

The contession of RICHARD PIGOTT, which was announced in the Extra edition of THE EVENING WORLD to-day, sinks that degraded creature to a depth of infamy too low to be

At the same time it elevates CHARLES STEW ART PARNELL to a height where he must command the admiration and wonder of the civilized world.

Patiently and peaceably he has lived down the vilest calumnies. He has permitted the machinations of his enemies to collapse of their own rottenness.

He has made BALFOUR and his Tory Gov. ernment and the doting Times a laughing stock in the eyes of honest men.

CERYSTIE STREET, COME OUT !

The snobbery of some people whose ancestors saw plain old Geonge Washington inaugurated in a suit of brown homespun must be sickening to the shade of the immortal citizen-founder of our Government.

"Belect representatives" of "our first families", are arranging an inaugural quadrille for the ball which will celebrate GEORGE's induction into the office he never disgraced by snobbery. By and for them it is said to be desirable to have this particular sance include the descendants of families who were prominent when GRORGE became President.

President.

But "it would be impossible, of course, to invite the co-operation of the great grand-be President.

But "it would be impossible, of course, to invite the co-operation of the great grand-be President.

So in statecraft, like him, I would have a small dab in it.

And seek for a comfortable seat in the Cabinet; And, in spite of Clay's precedent, be right and be President. invite the co-operation of the great granddaughter of anybody at all if she lived in Chrystie street!"

Come out, Chrystie street, and show your colors! Are there no honest men and true in your shirts of homespun, no pure and comely maids and matrons, such as Great GEORGE himself would have delighted to honor, in your calico aprona?

Was Grouge the founder of a free country for the masses or for the classes?

HE REACHES WASHINGTON TO-DAY.

The whistle toots, the people shout, The stately train at last pulls out, Tis Indianapolis no more!

Henceforth a panorama whirls Across his eager vision, where The way is blocked by troops of girls, While cheers and greetings rend the air!

And e'er the lame photographer In Hoosierdom was left behind, He photographed the palace car

And the General's whiskers in the wind! As on they speed, Columbus comes And in a wide Foraker lot

They drop, smid the blare of drums. The "Firealarm" they covet not! On, on, past Pittsburg still they speed Amid the welcome cannons' roar! But Benjamin is calm: indeed

He's been to Washington before!

IN THE REALM OF HUMOR. THE TOURNEY'S CLOSE.

AMUSING TRINGS TOLD BY THE DIS Last Session of the Great Dream CIPLES OF FUN.

[From Life.]

"I trust, Robert, when you gro w up you w

show yourself on the side of temperance and morality by voting the Prohibition ticket."

folks n liquor ever thought of doing."
"I am ashamed of you, Robert! Can you think of one instance in which water, judiciously applied, has caused death."
"Well, what's the matter with the flood?"

Short Tale of Two Cities.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Chicago Boy-Mamma, Cousin Georgie went

off by himself a little while ago and cried.

Chicago Mother-Poor Georgie, He's home

sick. He's never been away from Philadelphia

before, you know, and everything is new and

strange to him. He never saw streets like ours

before. Take him out into the back alley,

Willie, and walk him over all the tin-cans and

ash-heaps you can find. It'll seem more like home to him.

[From the Richmond Disputch.]

to the milliners." That's probably not news to

The Ways of Commerce.

[From the Lincoln Journal.] Merchant (to clerk)-William, mark up

": Five per cent.?"

"Yes, I'm going to advertise a grand sacrific ale and we must be prepared."

Bad Travelling Facilities.

I From the Lincoln Journal . 1

First Actor-I understand that you didn't fil

e walking was so thundering bad."

A Little Dodge on Pa's Part.

(As they say their last "good-by" a clock

strikes ten ! eleven ! twelve !) George-How the

hours fly when you are at my side, dear!
Daisy—Yes, George, but that's pa in the dining-room setting the clock!

On the Rinks.

Leading Lady-Do you know when our man

Leading Gentleman-He's doing it now, I be

lieve. I just heard him order a half dozen on the close shell at the Horton House, and tell the waiter to slate it till the box-office opens.

Needs to Be Fired.

Arithmetic and Art.

to have two of those fuuny Dromios? Second Little Girl—Yes, it's twice as funny as

Self-Preservation.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] Chicago Millionaire (in the East)—That gen-

deman appeared to recognize you. Why didn't

Too Much to Ask.

| From the Philadelphia Record. 1

Philadelphia Lady-Do you guarantee this

"Yes, mum."
"Highly accomplished?"
"Yes, mum; he can do everything but

talk."
Will you also guarantee that he will remain
in fashion until my receptions are over?"
How long do they last?"
Through this month."

[From the Fanker Blade.]

Oh, I don't want to live a life of magnificence. And scatter round wealth with a lavish munifi-

Nor to travel thro' life in a ten thousand phase ton.

Nor live on the fat of the land till I weigh a ton.

For three or four million is good as a billion—

Twill buy trappings enough for a modest civil-

I don't want to pose as a landed proprietor.
And riot in wealth, for I'm not a good rioter,
Content with a dozen plantations prolific,
And two or three roads like the Union Pacific;
I want no regalis, a mine in Australia—
And ten or twelve steamboats would keep me
from failure.

I would shun all celat and all vulgar publicity, And, like Jefferson, live in his famous simpli

And live for four years in the White House a

Tot Much Cargo.

Very Stout Lady (impatiently, to driver of bob

Driver (despairingly)—I am afraid not, madam as long as you make the cargo.

Book Note.

"A Marriage Below Zero" is the title of the

novel just finished by Alan Dale. It is dramatic

and original, and fully in keeping with the au-thor's other productions. It will be published

by Dillingham, successor to G. W. Carlston & Bous, Alan Dale's "Brother Jonathan," printed

in London, is much like Max O'Rell's "Jona-than and His Country," but as Dale's book ap-

peared a year in advance of the other he can not be accused of plagiarism. Alan Dale's dramatic

criticisms have attracted universal attention, and "A Marriage Below Zero" is looked for-

tail car)-Will you ever make this car go?

No, mum; that's asking too much. Modest Wants.

dog to be sound and kind?

Dealer-Yes, mum.

'Young?"

indle any cuthusiasm in his new rôle?

Second Actor-No. he doesn't.

[From Texas Siftings.]
First Actor—Does Moutague Vere de Vere

ageriis going to open? I'm getting anxious.

prices on all those garments 5 per cent.

you engagement at Smithville? Second Actor-No; I couldn't.

"The married women of New York owe much

What can be the matter with him?

"Oh, rate! Why, aunt, water's killed more

We Have Published About One in Hundred Dreams Received.

Contest.

No Dream Received After To-Day Can Compete.

Judge Hawthorne Will Render His Decision as Soon as Possible.

A SOLDIER'S VISION.

Many Remarkable Scenes and Incidents

Witnessed in a Space of Ten Seconds. Early in 1865 military duty called me from Fort Macon to Raleigh, N. C. After passing Goldsboro we crossed a bridge, lately built by the Construction Corps, about 100 feet high, spanning a ravine through which meandered a small creek, but which in wet weather swelled to the proportions of a river. The bridge consisted of pine saplings spliced and fastened together with spikes, ropes and other material, at hand. I had passed through many a wellfought battle, but never experienced so much nervousness as when the train crawled over that ramshackle affair. The cracking and creaking of the timbers together with the oscillating of the train, was someth. fear-ful, and all breathed a sigh of relief when we

ful, and all breathed a sigh of relief which we were safe on terra-firma again.

My business in Raleigh detained me a couple of days, during which time I got little or no sleep, and when I boarded the train to return I was completely played out. But, tired as I was, that infernal bridge haunted me and made me so nervous that I could not compose myself for a comfortable snooze, and determined not to do so until we had passed it. It was some two hours' journey from Raleigh, and as we stafted from there late the moon was up and shining late the moon was up and shining brightly. As we whitled past planta-tion, homestead and cottage, all more or less desolate and deserted, my thoughts or less desolate and deserted, my thoughts took a melancholy and sympathetic turn. While thus musing I noticed we were in the vicinity of the bridge. All of my old nervousness returned and to my horror I noticed that the engineer had not slackened speed, as we had done on our way up. Was it possible to cross without the whole structure coming down? I had no time to reason, and reasoning would have availed no hing, for we were on the bridge and going fully twenty niles an hour. Resigning myself to my fate we were on the bridge and going fully twenty miles an hour. Resigning myself to my fate I shut my eyes and laid my head back,
I was walking on the beach on Bogue Bauks, outside of Fort Macon. It was one of the most beautiful nights conceivable. The moon was at its full, and reflected itself upon the broad Atlantic, which was a sea as of liquid silver. The high sand bluffs, among which come two years are vicinity when head of liquid silver. The high sand bluffs, among which some two years previously we had erected our Parrott and mortar batteries for the bombardment, were crowned with handsome villas. At the doors of many I could recognize faces I had not seen in years, and children, who ought to be men and women, were running and jumping among the hills. I felt supremely happy. I recognized the fact that there had been a war and it was over, but it seemed natural for all my friends to be on Bogue Banks.

over, but it seemed natural for all my friends to be on Bogue Banks.

As I turned my gaze once more to the moon, I noticed it was moving. Then I saw two moons, then three, then four, and so on until the whole sky was full of moons, all rocking, waving and falling slowly towards the earth. At first I was astonished, then trightened, and noticing that the villas were rocking and falling. I realized that the end of the world had come, and fell upon my knees in an agony of despair.

I was in a cold, dark stone dungeon, and as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I saw, crawling in a bed of slime, numerous "That's strange; he is such a dry stick I should think he would."
"Maybe he will be when he is fired by the manager." (From the Philadelphia Record.)
First Little Giri (at the theatre)—Ain't it nice

saw, crawling in a bed of slime, numerous leprous neu, their bodies covered with the most horrible and repulsive eruptions. The stench emitted from them was suffocating. I turned to leave, but found no door. The longer I stayed the more men I could see, you bow?

Daughter—I don't remember him.
Chicago Millionaire—That doesn't matter.
Always be polite to Eastern men. We never can
tell which ones hold our mortgages. until the number became millions, all crawl ing and wiggling over one another as so many ing and wiggling over one another as so many ceis. The stench increased. I tried again to leave and discovered that I could only crawl. I tried to get into the angle formed by the floor and the side so that none of those horrible beings should touch me, when through the unopened walls came millions crawling over me. I then realized that this realized that this was hell. I remembered the falling of the most astonishing thing to me the side so that none of those things are somethanced.

Apolyon. Come," he said, "we must hurry on," and seemingly unable to resist I followed.

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Apolyon. Come of the some on the open page. It was a harbor with a beautiful country in the beackground. The harbor was full of vessels, and she said: "Do you see that vessel himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was not over three and a half feat himself, was

the oblong tower. A heavy door, studied and clamped with iron, barred my entrance. As I approached it opened noiselessly, and I saw a long, wide court, deadly still and ten-

I entered the gate and went steadily along the inner court. Soon the character of the place changed; it narrowed and grew smaller, and at last opened upon a long iall, floored with polished wood and lighted by high windows. At the end was a doorway curtained with tapestry. Pushing it aside, I was about to enter, when I caught the sound of voices, and, standing hidden by the curtain, I saw a small triangular room, with a deep window, where stood two men talking in low solves. I seemed to recognize them in low voices. I seemed to recognize them instantly, and they filled me with vague

instantly, and they filled me with vague dread.

One was tall and imposing, with thick black hair and eyebrows that met. His companion was a little stout man, with reddish hair and signay eyes. Both wore court dreames of the seventeenth century and carried swords. As I watched, the tall man moved forward and I saw that he limped and carried a silver-headed cans. His companion following, they passed out of a small door, hair concealed by hangings of skins. I went quickly after, for I felt I must follow them, and yet had a horrible fear of being discovered, which made me keep in the shadow of the wall and move noiselessly. They stopped before a curiously carved a door, and pressing a small knob entered a lower transfer of the stopped before a curiously carved and door, and pressing a small knob entered a lower transfer of the stopped before a curiously carved a door, and pressing a small knob entered a lower transfer of the stopped before a curiously carved and the stopped before a c

large room lighted by one great window, barred and fastened. For some time the men remained by the window talking earnestly; then they came forward, and the taller, going to 'he wall on the other side of 'the armor behind which I stood, felt carefully over it, passing his hand under the tapestry hangings. In a moment he stopped and pressed a tiny knob of stone. Instably two enormous blocks of granite moved noiselessly back, disclosing a doorway. They entered, while I crept softly forward and peeped into the secret chamber.

It was a small, narrow room, lighted dimly by a tiny window set high in the wall, and triple barred and bolted. A slab of stone projected from the further wall, and on this slab lay a man, so tall, bony and emaciated he seemed a living skeleton. He wore a suit of black velvet of the same fashic mass his jailets', but around his waist, ankies and wrists were broave view fetters. He lay as if dead his

black velvet of the same fashion as his alters, but around his waist, ankies and wrists were heavy iron fetters. He lay as if dead, his eyes closed, his face glastiy. For a moment the men stood gazing at him: then the taller drow a small dagger from his doublet, and stooping forward, raised his hand; but his companion, touching his shoulder, whispered a tew words; he paused, and they remark to the context of the context of

pered a few words: he paused, and they retuned to the outer room, engaged in suppressed but excited conversation.

I slipped from the shelter of the doorway
and softly entered the secret room. Going
on to the stone slab. I raised my hand and
made a sign. The man stirred and opened
his eyes. Again I made it. He moved and
half rose from the slab. but at this moment I
heard a cry from the outer room, and the
tall man rushed towards us his with sword
drawn, while my companion leaned against drawn, while my companion leaned against the window shaking with fright. A third time I male the sign, and the pri-oner, burst-ing his charms with a mighty effort, met his ascallant balf way. They s ruggled furiously, but as I watched, the man in black velvet, by a tremendous wrench, threw his antagonist; then, seizing my hand, he rushed to the door

and gained the corridor. A moment after we heard steps coming rapidly down the passage-way and began a wild race.

We dashed through long tortuous passage-ways, up and down steep steps, through labyrinths thick with darkness, but our pace did not slacken and we kept on unerringly. Soon the steps of our pursuer grew louder and he gained on us perceptibly, but just then, at the end of the dark tunnel through which we were passing, shone a faint light, which came through a wicket gate of worked brass. My companion, bending, touched a hidden spring. With a sharp click the gate brass. My companion, bending, hidden spring. With a sharp click the gate sprang back and we pa-sed through, shutting sprang back and we pa-sed through, shutting

sprang back and we passed through, shutting it just as our pursuer appeared. We heard a cry of rage, but he made no attempt to pass the barrier.

We were standing in a narrow path in a meadow thick with daisies, and we walked slowly forward without speaking. Soon the path divided into two roads, one turning to the east, the other to the west. When we rear-hed them my companion took the eastern road, and without a word I turned down the western path, the setting sun glowing in my face. A moment after I was awake with the true sun shining in my eyes. H. E. H.,

A DEVIL BODY SERVANT.

Visiting the Infernal Regions in Sleep and Undergoing Exquisite Torture.

I had sprained my ankle in the morning and had been compelled to remain in my easy chair all day, and the enforced idleness had irritated me almost to the limit of my endurance. I had dismissed my valet with a threat to kill him if be annoyed me again, and lying back in my chair tried to resume my reading. I could not concentrate my thoughts on the story, and throwing the book uside I fell asleep. I was sud denly aroused by a smart rap on

my right side, and turning, saw sitting on the sige of the table, with his feet resting on the looking imp that the ravings of insanity or the fumes of liquor could conjure up. He was just siming to kick me in the ribs again when I hotly inquired his business with me, which he answered with the most ma-licious of grins, and laughed till I hoped he would burst.

You are a facetious young man, indeed. said he. "The boss told me you were a fough one to get along with, but we have started right royally, ha! ha! a funny fellow you are. My business is to be your own dear body servant for eternity, but you must obey me

instead of my obeying you, as you do those things on earth."
"On earth?" said I, "why, where am I?"
"Where are you? Why, you died a month " Where are you? ago, and you are now on your way to hell under my guidance by order of His Majesty Apoliyon, Come," he said, "we must Apollyon. Come," he said, "we must hurry on," and seemingly unable to resist I

ster, larger than a hundred men, crawled over me, emitting such a stench that I awoke with a cry of agony, to find every one in the side of the cavern, I hastily improvised a cup ont of my hands, and essayed to allay my burning, intolerable thirst, but instead of sure I had dipped my hands in what must have been only to leave an indelible impression, but the most astonishing thing to my mind is that it proved conclusively that some, if not all, dreams are instantaneous.

I could not have been unconscious more than ten seconds, as the bridge was not over five hundred feet long and we were on it when I fell asleep and not more than half over when I awoke. My theory of the whole dream is that the beautiful night and my sympathetic feelings caused the first part, the oscillation of the train the second part, or the falling of the moons, and the smell from the polecat the last and horrible part. All of these must have occurred nearly simultaneously. How wonderful is the mind, even when we are asleep?

LIKE A MEDLEYAL ROMANCE.

The Dreamer Rescues a Prisoner from an Old Castle.

I dreamed I was in the court-yard of a castle. The court was square, and at each corner stood a tower. Three were round, but the fourth was oblong, larger and more massive than the others. As I gazed I was thrilled with a curious feeling, an irresistible impulse pushed me forward for the accomplishment of some design. Moved by this feeling, yet dreading, I knew not what, I walked up to the oblong tower. A heavy door, studded and clamped with iron, barred my entrance. As I approached it opened noiselessly, and I saw a long, wide court, deadly still and tenaltees.

WAS HE THE RAHWAY MURDERER?

WAS HE THE RAHWAY MURDERER?

A Reporter Unsuccessfully Follows the

Negro He Saw in a Dream. One night, a few days after the Rahway murder had been discovered, and while the search for the murderer was in full progress, one of my dreams, on an ordinary subject, was suddenly dispelled by the flash-like appearance of a view of the Pennsylvania Railroad waiting-room, in Jersey City, resembling the globe-like reflection of a camera, and perfect in its distinctness. A negro stood leaning against a radiator, s stood leaning against a radiator, a man whose hunted, watchful expression would proclaim him a suspicious character to any observing person. I seemed fascinated by the man's demannor, and noted every detail of his person; his heavy fur cap, torn and patched; his gray, timestained clothes and heavy leather books, and even the fact that two of his ivory teeth protruded prominently between his heavy fips. He carried a coarse bag, filled with vegetables, and nervously watched the great clock which occupied the centre of my picture. In

bolical face of the negro still hovering before my eyes.

During the day my natural inquisitiveness as a newspaper reporter, and the diminutive element of supersition in my character, led me to think of little but my dream. In the afternoon at the office I told the story and described the negro's appearance accurately. The city editor surprised me by exclaiming as he glanced at his watch: "It's near 3 o'clock now. We'll go down to the depot." Laughingly I accompanied him. It was just 3 o'clock as we entered the waiting-room and found it described. I purposely degentlemen were concerned. I purposely degentlemen were concerned. I purposely de-layed until exactly 3.07 o'clock. Then my eye travelled about for a minute and I ner-vously clutched my companion's arm and pointed to the exact counterpart of my dream leaning on the radiator beneath the clock. The editor recognized hum from my descrip-tion, and for a few minutes we looked at each other in astonishment. Just then the gate to

other in astonishment. Just then the gate to
the trains were swung open and the negro
was the first to pass through.

"Follow him." exclaimed the editor.
With big reward figures ringing in my ears
I hurried into the line and passed through
just as the negro boarded a Susquehanna
train. I entered the car and sat behind him,
growing more excited each minute as I noticed his increased nervousness and watchfulness. The train began to move and in a
second I realized that my chase was a wild fulness. The train began to move and in a second I realized that my chase was a wild one, that I nad no ticket, didn't know where I was going, and in the ordinary, common-sense view of things was acting like a fool. I rushed to the door and jumped off, just as the train left the depot shed. At the office I re-joined the editor and was soundly bersted for not following the negro at the expense of my

paper.

I have regretted my failure to do so ever since, even though the result of my queer trip might have been nothing more than the gratification of my curiosity.

A JERSEY SCRIBE.

Two Visions and a Death.

One night I dreamed that on entering s room, I saw, prostrate upon the floor, the form of a woman dressed in a plain, white robe. Beside her stood a man, with drawn sword, raised above her head in a menacing manner. They gazed steadily into each other's eyes. His look was determined; hers was sad, though sweet. I walked around the form of the woman, and passes

around the form of the woman, and passed out of a door directly opposite the one I had entered. Her body lay directly in the centre of the space between the two doors. On reaching the outer hall, I began to wonder who she could be, when I heard the name of a man whispered. I looked about me; no one was to be seen, and I awoke.

The next night I dreamed I was sitting in a dark room and, looking up suddenly, I saw a bright luminary, as in a transformation scene. In the centre stood the woman of the night before, dressed in an elaborately made pink tarlatan dress. Gazing at her, as if transfixed in admiration, were two females, It was a tableau, and disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared.

A few days later I received a letter from a niece residing in New York City, mentioning the sudden death of one of her friends. These were the particulars: Mrs. — was dining, when it was observed by the rest of the family that she had turned suddenly very pale. She left the table without speaking, her son following her. As she reached the parlor adjoining, she fell upon the threshold between the two rooms, was carried to her bed and died in twenty-five minutes, never parlor adjoining, she fell upon the threshold between the two rooms, was carried to her bed and died in twenty-five minutes, never having spoken. Her husband's name was the one I had heard whispered. She had been busily engaged with a dressmaker during the day, who was finishing a dress for a coming dinner party. She died on the day between the nights of the two dreams.

Julia Anna S.

The Book of Fate.

I had a peculiar dream last night. I wa n a room with a number of ladies, and I had book in my hand, quite a large book with clack covers. A lady was to lay her hand on the cover of the book and wish to know where be interested. One did so, and I took the book and twirled it around very swiftly; then to pene dit and a beautiful picture began to come on the open page. It was a a certain individual was in whom she might

A Dream Turned His Hair White. I was living in the quiet little village of M., in Massachusetts. I had been asked by friends to sit up alone with the corpse of an acquaintance the night following. I reluctantly consented, and retired that night with my mind full of the unpleasant anticipations of the morrow. That night my dream carried me to the death chamber of my friend, the gloom of which was all that I had antici-pated. It was about the midnight hour, and I was about to moisten the cloth that covered the face of the corpse with some solution that the undertaker had prepared, when to my horror the corpse sat up, and with the fierceness of a maniac grasped me by the throat, that ghastly face glaring fiercely at me. throat, that ghasily tace giaring hercely at me.
It was daylight that morning before I could
shake the horror of the dream from my mind.
Imagine my surprise on arising in the morning to find that my hair, which the night tefore was black, had turned snow white during the night. The dram became the talk of the neighborhood. I am yet a comparatively young man, but my hair still retains its snowy whiteness (the effects of a dream.) CLINTON PHILLIPS. 341 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.

F. Jones, Lowell, Mass.—The question raised in your letter as to whether events transpiring after a dream will be counted in the contest must be left to Mr. Hawthorne's judgment, as it was a point not covered in the published conditions.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

In Early Spring
"For many years I have taken Hood's fareaparille, especially in the early opyring, when I am troubled with disatiness, duliness, unpleasant hant in my mouth in the morning. It removes this had taste, relieves my head-soles and makes me feel greatly refreshed. The two bottles I have med this apring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it. "Journ Hipper, 605 Abd of the toring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it." Journ Hipper, 605 Abd of the toring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it. "Journ Hipper, 605 Abd on the toring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it."

Bood's farengeeriffe in sold by all druggithe. \$1 ins for \$66. Prophest by U. L. HOOD & OU., Lorvell, Haon.

THE BEST SPRING REMEDY.

SOMETHING WHICH INTERESTS EVERY. BODY DURING THE SPRING MONTHS.

At this season of the year every one is looking for a Spring remedy. It is a fact beyond question that the best Spring remedy ever discovered is Dr. Greene's Nervurs, the great brain, nerve and blood invigorator. Thousands of people need this valuable remedy who would find in its marvellous cleansing, purifying and at the same time strengthening and invigorating pow-ers, just what they require to restore health, if they had the good sense to go to the druggiet's and purchase for cal weaknesses, spring debility, exhaustion of brain and nerve force, nervous debility, stomach, liver o kidney complaints, constipation, beadache or neural gia, who can be easily and readily cured by the use o

It is just what the brain-tired merchant or busin nan needs to restore the strength and activity of the brain and remove those pervous sensations which resul It is exactly what is needed by the youth, student lerk or workman who has worn out his nervous vitality

and exhausted his physical powers by too close confine-ment, overwork or dissipation.

It is the tonic and restorative needed by middle-aged and old men to recuperate their exhausted vital por and give vigor and energy to their nerves.

It is what weak, tired and nervous women must have if they would recover health, strength and vitality They are overworked, sleepless, exhausted alike is nerve and body, run down from worry, bereavements, o other strain upon their nerves and constitutions, and they can find in this remedy the only certain and sure

Young girls, weak and nervous children, irritable and restless infants can be readily restored to a healthy condition of nerve strength and vital power by the use of this truly wonderful remedy.

It w., quickly and speedily cure dyspepsia, indigen-

tion, loss of appetite, constipation, kidney and liver dis-case, and all the ills of apring debility. It may be used reely and fearlessly by all, for it is perfectly harmles being made entirely from pure, health-giving strength-restoring vegetable medicines.

Dr. Greene, the famous specialist in the cure of ne yous and chronic diseases, of 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted free of charge, personally or by

DELAWARE'S BACHELOR SENATOR.

How a Shotgan Prevented Authory Higgin from Stealing a Maryland Girl. [Washington Letter to St. Louis Republic.]

Tony Higgins, the Republican Senatorelect from Delaware, was at the Capitol to-He is a healthy looking man, full bearded and round-faced. The evidence of his Irish extraction is plainly visible in his face. He is a good-natured man, capable of consuming a great quantity of whiskey, telling a good story, or playing a first-class game of poker. Of course, allowance must be made tor a first-class game of poker in the East and a first-class game of poker in the East and a inst-class game of poker in the West. A first-class poker player in the East would not rank as a tin-horn gambler even in the West, and although from all reports Mr. Higgins prides himself on his knowledge of the value of four queens, still it is safe to presume that if he ever sits down to a little game with Ed Wolcott, of Colorado, he would not have such a genial opinion of his apility as a poker player twenty four hours. ability as a poker player twenty-four hours

ability as a poker player twenty-four hours later.

Higgins is a bachelor, a club man and, from all accounts, a pretty good fellow. He is a very intense partisan, has fair ability as a lawyer, but his success as a politician in Delaware was mainly achieved in the lobby of the Legislature. For years he has been much the same kind of a fellow in Delaware that Bill Phelps has been in Missouri. He is familiar with every politician of both parties in his State and knows the full value of each. He can reckon what a favorable vote on any proposition before the Delaware Legislature will cost as closely as \$5. It is not surprising that a man with suck rare ability as this should have secured a majority in the Republican legislative caucus. Higgins is a native of Delaware of Irish parents. He has always been a Republican, and when Grant was President he had some influence with the Administration as a warm friend of the famous Dick Harrington, of safe-burglary fame.

When Higgins was a young man transity

When Higgins was a young man-twenty consideration, of his only daughter marrying a Republican. Higgins pleaded for a year or more with the old man, but he remained implacable. Finally the future Senator made arrangements to clope with the girl. He made his plans. One night, in the fall of 1869, with some friends, he drove to the house of his sweetheart. By arrangement he flashed a lantern several times when he arrived within a few hundred yards of the house. This was a signal that she was to when he arrived within a few hundred yards of the house. This was a signal that she was to rejse her window upstairs and be ready to mount a ladder that he and his friend was toting thither. When he got within forty or fifty yards of the house, instead of the young girl raising the window her father turned a suctgun and a couple of bull dogs loose. The shotgun had no effect, but the bull dogs made sad havoc with Higgins and his friends. When they reached their carriages their lower garments were in tatters and the skin of their legs well punctured. A week later the girl married a neighboring farmer and is now reported to be a happy wife and mother. Higgins, however, remained a bachelor and from all accounts is now a confimed woman hater.

Washington INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL Windows along the Route, Transven Board or Lodgings. Chaperons and Guides will be in Great Demand MAKE YOUR DESIRE TO MEET ANY OF THE ABOVE REQUIREMENTS KNOWN THROUGH THE WORLD " WANT " COLUMNS. Advertisers can Register at the INFORMATION BUREAU of "THE WORLD'S" Uptown Of. See, 1267 Broadway. To Strangers CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE ME.
TROPOLIS DURING THE WASHING.
TON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDED THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

Mary Anderson's Mad Admirer [From the Denver Republican.] The only person known to Colorado pes-

ple that might answer the description of the nsane Dougherty is a 'tall, stoop-shouldered man, who was about Leadville during 1881 and 1882, and claimed to have been the first discoverer of the once famous Robinson mine in the Ten Mile district. Dougherty claimed to have been on intimate terms with Macky. Fair and Jones, of the Pacific slope, and in their pay at the time of his visit to Colorade. His claim to the Robinson bonanza was generally regarded as the deiusion of a discassed mind, but it was subsequently reported that he received a small sum to relinquish his claim and cease his persecution. He loved liquor better than bread, and a toddy was a sufficient bribe to induce him to tell how he found the Robinson mine, and how, if he had what justly belonged to him, he would be worth a million. He often related his grievance to a crowd of idlers on the street, speaking in a stentorian voice that would discount an auctioneer until ordered to "shut up and move on" by the police. Many persons laughed at the man, and more pitied him. He was about Leadville for two years and then he suddenly disappeared, me one knowing or caring whither he had gone. If this is the same Dougherty that has been haunting Mary Anderson, it is not surprising that she asked the police to arrest him and relieve her from further annoyance. Neither sher pity and solicitude to be wondered at, for he was certainly insane and quite harm-few. to have been on intimate terms with Macky, ior he was certainly insane and quite harr

BAD COMPLEXIONS.

The Secret of Their Cause Fully Explained-Why Ladies Are Sallow And Men Pallid Some Valuable Facts on the Subject.

n America to-day one will meet with but few ladies who have clear complexions. Many persons have tried to account for this sad fact because of the severe climate of America, but such reasoning is wrong. A bad complexion is caused by impure blood, and no lady can be really beautiful and no man ruddy who has diseased en

impure blood. The best known way of keeping the blood pure is by keeping it circulating. In this way it passes rapidly through the lungs, kidneys and liver, and is con purified. But supposing the system is clogged up, as is requently the case, then of course the blood becomes impure. Then far too often men and women take some powerful purgative, pill or other substance, that clears the body quickly, weakens the strength and leaves the system in worse condition than before. The only sensi ble way is to take a gentle, pure and natural purgetive moderately but regularly, and the highest known medica Carlabad Sprudel Salt is infinitely superior to any oth natural preparation known to the world. It is gentle

yet stimulating: it is pure, yet powerful. Containing only natural properties, being evaporated from the celebrated Carlsbad Sprudel Spring, it cannot injure the body in the least, and jet it has never falled to renser life, purify the blood and thus clear the complexion. Hundreds of doctors have given it their unqualified in-Hundreds of doctors have given it their unqualined in-dorsements: thousands of people go each year to the Carlabad Springs, but they can obtain no greater bene-fit than by taking the Carlabad Sprudel Salt in its pow-dered form, such as can be procured at any drug store in the land. When it is considered that the Carlabad Salt costs, practically, little more than the cheap, ques-tionable and often injurious Salts, purgatives and Bit-ter Waters that are in the market, one bottle being sufit is to their interest to use only the Carlabad. Each bottle is in a light blue paper cartoon and has the signa-ture Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents, on every bet-tle. One bottle mailed upon receipt of one dollar. Dr. Toboldt's lecture and pamphlets mailed free upon application. Eiener & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay et.,

All New York is Talking About This Story.

YOU MISS A GREAT TREAT IF YOU FAIL TO READ IT.

SYNOPSIS ... OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

A SERVANT OF SATAN."

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER. The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve

The mysterious assassin who was guillotined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prade, handed on the eve of his execution a hundle of manuscript notes concerning his birth and past career to a friend named Lonis Berard. These reveal for the first time the romantic career of the attraordinary criminal whose identity and past history proved a riddle which the French police were unable to solve. They show that he was the son of a well-krown German General and statesman, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pseudourm of Count von Waidberg. The mother was a Princess of one of the petty sovereign houses of Germany. A godson of the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, young Waidberg entered he army, contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he passes off as his mintress, and atrikes his Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse scuression in referring to her.

Young Waidberg deserts the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Count. The latter, entraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his wife, asking for money. The night of the third day of his confinement, the occupants of the villa are startled by pisto abots, and rush to the library to find the young Count by a broken window, with a smoother revolver in his hand. The teneral's desk has been torced open and a large amount of money abstracted. He trace where the young count is an advantage of the villa revolver in his hand. The teneral's desk has been torced open and a large amount of money abstracted. He trace out of the house a mid-grid of the third, and the properties a letter from Frederick to his wife and discover of the burglars. But on the following day the General intercepts a letter from Frederick to his wife and discover of the burglars. He has a hid and the health of the country of the house a mid-grid health of the house a mid-grid health of the properties of the house and destinated which the country of the ho

Don't Miss the Continuation of this Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.